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# My Sanity Sent Adrift Like the Waters it Touched Along



horror

violence

antihero

18 0 1

## Chapter 1 by Nishiiki

Standing by the bay of the small Eygthpty River, a small cleaver in my right hand, I stared at the bleeding cadaver in front of me. Some of the blood was already flowing into the river. His mangled corpse was nearly indistinguishable from the grass and packed dirt surrounding it. Nearly all of his limbs were in a bag somewhere down that river, soon to either sink into the bottom of the lake it fed into, or to make it to the coast of it to be found by a local. The threat of being caught stared me in the face, making its presence more clear than if it screamed it in my ears. All down his body, a long cut nearly split the man into two. Blood was dripping from his mouth, still ever present from when I bashed at his stomach. The one bit of empathy I had before then was seemingly ripped out and cast before like the limbs I sent adrift not too long ago, floating just barely over the waters it touched along. And yet, if I'm honest, I laughed. Seeing the blood and tears run down his face, though disgusting to even the least rational, brought me joy. Explanation for my behavior, how I would be able to cover it up, even how I would get home, never crossed my mind. Only the soft and warm feeling of his death and the moments leading up to it went over my mind. Something I craved. Something I wanted again. Something, in

my head, it would be impossible to live without even if I tried.

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